

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
CLEOPATRA
Queen of *Ægypt.*

By T. M.

Acted 1626.

Luc.

*quantum impellit Argos,
liacasque domos facie Spartana nocenti,
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.*

LONDON,

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Walkly, and are to be sold at his shop
at the flying Horse neer York
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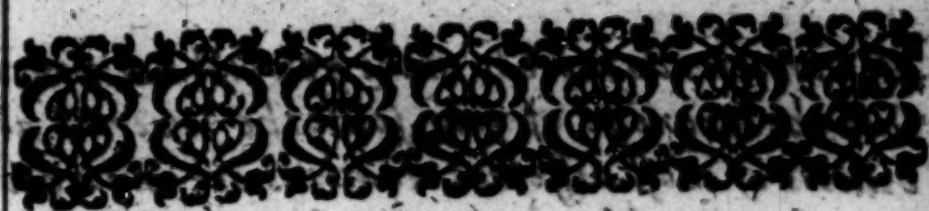
As it is acted

At the Swan and Cygnet Theatre

By the Swan and Cygnet Theatre Company

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Swan and Cygnet Theatre, in the Strand

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TO THE MOST
ACCOMPLISH'D

Sr. Kenelme Digby.

Sr.



That it pleas'd you to cast an eye of
favour upon these poor Plays has
given me the boldnesse, not only to
publish them (which I thought not
to have done) but to shelter them,
though most unworthy, under that name, to
which for authority and approbation the richest
pieces that this nation can boast, might be proud
to flie. You are to learning what learning is to
others a gracefull ornament; and known not on-
ly able to receive, but fit to make that which we
call literature; it being nothing else but rules
and observations drawne at the first from such
able natures as yours is; and by your daily con-
versation is better expressed, then wee by wri-
zing can define it. Your composition was made
to justifie those old Philosophers who resembled
a man to the whole world. For as in the world

A 2

all

all varieties do meet to make a perfect harmony
so in the language of your soule the severall a-
bilities of most different Nations are conjoyne
to an honourable advantage of one entire tem-
per, where the predominancies are magnanimi-
ty, prudence, and gentlenesse. But I dare not
offer to crowd into a narrow Epistle your noble
Charadter, which will require a longer Trea-
tise and a better pen. For the defects in these
two Plays, I that have already been so much
obliged to your goodnesse in other matters, can-
not here despaire of your forgivenessse, which is
the only thing that puts confidence into

Your most obliged and
devoted servant

Tho. May.



THE TRAGEDIE OF
CEOPATRA.

Actus Primus.

TITIUS, PLANCUS,
CANIDIUS.

TITIUS.



Shame and dishonour to the Roman name
A triumph held at Alexandria
Only to honour *Cleopatraes* pride ?

PL.

Ah *Marcus*, this Egyptian Queen was
be the ruine of *Antonius*. (made

CA.

be the pleasure of *Antonius*.

PL.

How can you jest *Canidius*, on a theame
sad ?

CA.

How *Plancus* can you prophesie
sadly on so merry an occasion,

B

As

The Tragedie

As is the love of Ladies?

TI.

Let *Canidius*

Have his own way, *Munatius*, tis in vain
To talk to him.

CA.

Would you could let me have
Antonius his way, upon condition
I suffer'd you to censure gravely of it,
And prophetic my ruine. But my Lords,
You were as good be merry too, and take
Your share of pleasure in th' Egyptian Court.
You'll do no good with these perswasions.
He loves the Queen, and will do so in spite.
Of our morality.

PL.

Tis too too true,
That face of hers, that beauty in the bud
Not fully blown, in yeers of innocence
(If any yeers of hers were innocent)
Set off with no adulterisme of art,
Nor cloath'd with state and pompous Majestie,
But in a fortune clouded and distrest
A wretched prisoner in her brother's Court,
Yet then I say that charming face could move
The manly temper of wise *Julius Caesar*.
That *Marc* in heat of all his active warre,
When he pursu'd the flying *Pompey* hither,
His sword yet reeking in *Pharsaliaes* slaughter
At sight of her became a doting Lover:
And could we think that our *Antonius*
A man not master of that temperance
That *Caesar* had, could finde a strength to guard
His soul against that beauty now set off
With so much wealth and majesty?

of CLEOPATRA

CA.

No surely.

I did not think *Antonius* was an Eunuch.

Nor could I have believ'd he had been worthy

To be a successour in *Cæsa*'s power,

Unlesse he had succeeded him in her.

Great *Julius* noble acts in warre and state

Affur'd the world that he was wise and valiant:

But if he had not falne in love with her

I should have much suspected his good nature.

PL.

Nay then, *Canidius*, it shall be yours.

CA.

Or what indeed were greatnesse in the world

If he that did possesse it, might not play

The wanton with it? this *Ægyptian Queen*

Is a state-beauty, and ordain'd by fate

To be possesst by them that rule the world.

Great *Pompey*'s sonne enjoy'd her first, and pluck'd

Her Virgin blossome. When that Family, *Plutarch.*

Whose ruine fill'd the World, was overthrown,

Great *Iulius* next came in as conquerour

To have his share, and as he did in power,

Succeeded him in *Cleopatrae*'s love.

Now our *Antonius* takes his turn, and thinks

That all the legions, all the swords, that came

To make his greatnesse up when *Julius* dy'd,

Could give no greater priviledge to him

Then power to be the servant to this Queen.

Thus whosoere in Rome be conquerour

His laurell wreath is *Cleopatrae*'s love.

And to speak justly of her, Nature teem'd

To build this woman for no meaner height.

Her soule is full of greatnesse, and her wit

As charms as many as her beauty has.

With Majestie beyond her sex she rules

CA

B 2

Her

17717

The Tragedie

Her spacious Kingdomes, and all neighbour Princes
Admire her parts. How many languages
Speaks she with elegance? Embassadors
From th' Æthiopians, Arabs, Troglodites, *Plur.*
From th' Hebrews, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians
Have in amazement heard this learned Queen
Without the aid of an interpreter
In all their severall tongues returne their answers;
When most of her dull predecessor Kings
Since *Ptolemæus Philadelphus* time
Scarce understood th' Egyptian tongue, and some
Had quite forgot the Macedonian.

TI.

How well *Canidius* descants on this theame!

PLA.

I'll lay my life it pleases him; the man
Is deep in love, and pity tis he has
So great a rivall as *Antonius*.

CA.

Well use your wit upon me; but I doubt
If any man could search your secret thoughts,
Tis envy, not morality that makes
You taxe his love, how gravely ere you talke.

TI.

But can *Canidius* think it should be just
In our *Antonius* to forsake for her
His lawfull wife the good *Octavia*?

CA.

Then like a Roman let me answer, *Marina*.
Is it become a care worthy of us
What woman *Antony* enjoys? have we
Time to dispute his matrimoniall faults,
That have already seen the breach of all
Romes sacred laws, by which the world was bound?
Have we endur'd our Consuls state and power
To be subjected by the lawlesse arms

O

of CLEOPATRA

Of private men, or Senators proscrib'd,
And can we now consider whether they
That did all this, may keep a wench or no?
It was the crime of us, and Fate it self
That *Antony* and *Cesar* could usurpe
A power so great; beyond which we can suffer
No more worth thinking of. Nor were't to us
Any great fortune if *Antonius*
Were honest of his body.

PLA.

Have we then,
Who have been greatest Magistrates, quite lost
All shew of liberty, and now not dare
To counsell him?

CA.

A shew of liberty
When we have lost the substance, is best kept
By seeming not to understand those faults
Which we want power to mend. For mine own part
I love the person of *Antonius*;
And through his greatest loosenesse can discern
A nature here, honeste then *Cesar*.
And if a warre do grow twixt them (as surely
Ambition would ere long finde out a cause
Although *Octavia* had not been neglected)
Rather then Rome should still obey two Lords,
Could wish that all were *Anthony's* alone.
Who would, I think, be brought more easily
Then *Cesar*, to resigne the government.

TI.

Would I could think that either would do so.

Here comes her servant *Mardio*.

Enter *Mardio*.

MAR.

Noble Lords,
The Queen by mee entreats your company
At supper with the Lord *Antonius*.

B 3

CA:

The Tragedie

CA.

Marcio return our humble services,
Wee 'll instantly attend her. Now my friends,
Can you a while put off austerity,
And rigid censures, to be freely merry?

TI.

It may be so. Wee'll try what wine can do. *Exeunt.*

*A Feast preparing. EUPHRONIUS,
GLAUCUS, CHARMIO.*

EU.

Glaucus, let more of this perfume be got.

GLA.

I have enough in readinesse; or else
'T would be too late to think on't now, the Queen
Is upon entrance.

EU.

Charmio, art thou sure
Those tapers stand just as the Queen commanded?

CLA.

'Tis the same order that *Antonius*
When last he feasted here, so much admir'd;
And said 'mongst all the curiosities *Plutarch.*
That he had seen, the placing of those lights.
Did not the least affect him.

EU.

Though the Romans
In power and warlike state exceed us farre,
Yet in our Court of Ægypt they may learn
Pleasure and bravery, but art thou sure
That all things here are well?

CHA.

As exquisite
As the Queens wish would have it. Hark they come.

A-

of CLEOPATRA

ACHORIUS the Priest, ANTONIUS, CLEOPATRA,
CANIDIUS, TITINS, PLANCUS.

CLE.

To say, my Lord, that you are welcome hither
Were to disparage you, who have the power,
To make your self so, what ere you see
In Ægypt is your own.

AN.

What Ægypt holds
If I be judge, nor all the world besides,
Can equalize.

CLE.

Will't please you take
Your place, and these your noble Roman friends?

AN.

Father *Achoreus*, sit you neer to mee.
Your holy Orders, and great age, which shews
The Gods have lov'd you well, may justly challenge
A reverence from us.

CLE.

Great *Julius Caesar*
Did love my father well; he oft was pleas'd
At houres of leisure to conferre with him
About the nature of our Nile, of all
The mysteries of Religion, and the wonders
That Ægypt breeds.

ACH.

He had a knowing soule,
And was a master of Philosophy
As well as Warre.

AN.

How like the spangled sky
These tapers make the high-arch'd rooffe to show ?
While *Cleopatra* like bright *Cynthia*
In her full orbe more guilds the cheerfull night.

B 4

Shee's

The Tragedie

Shee's still at full; yet still me thinks she vexes,
And grows more fair and more majesticall.

CLE.

My Lords, you Remans, whose victorious arms
Have made you Masters of the world, possesse
Such full and high delights in Italy,
That our poor Ægypt can present no pleasure
Worth your acceptance: but let me entreat
You would be freely merry, and forgive
Your entertainment.

ANT.

'Tis an entertainment
That might invite and please the Gods. Me thinks,
Jove should descend, while Cleopatra's here,
Disguis'd for love, as once for fear he was,
When bold Typhoeus scal'd the starry sky,
And all the Gods disguis'd in Ægypt lurk'd.
Love were a nobler cause then fear to bring him,
And such a love as thine.

CLE.

If I could think
That ere great Jove did play such feats as those,
I'de now believe that he were here disguis'd,
And took the noble shape of Anthony

ANT.

This complement so farre transcends, it leaves
No answer for a wit so dull as mine.

A Song.

Not hee, that knows how to acquire
But to enjoy, is blest.
Nor does our happinesse consist
In motion, but in rest.

The

of CLEOPATRA.

*The Gods passe man in blisse, because
They toile not for more height;
But can enjoy, and in their own
Eternall rest delight.*

*Then, Princes, do not toile, nor care;
Enjoy what you possesse.
Which whilest you do, you equalize
The Gods in happinesse.*

TI.

*Minutius Plancus, I was thinking now
How Hannibal was charm'd at Capua,
When that delicious place had mollifi'd
His rough and cruell soul, and made him learn
The lessons of soft love, and luxury.*

PLA.

*There was no cause, Marcus, for such a thought.
For our Antonius in the heat of all
His active life knew how to revell well.*

ANT.

*Let this soft Musique cease, and louder sound.
This second course is mine. Call in Lucilius.*

Enter LUCILIUS with three Crowns.

*Fair Cleopatra, for addition
To what thou hold'st, the world-commanding Rome
Presents these Crowns, and by my hand invests
Thee, Cleopatra Queen of wealthy Cyprus,
Of Coelosyria, and Phoenicia.
Blush not, my Love, nor let Romes bounty force
Thy modesty: these Crowns from thy fair brow
Receive more lustre then they can bestow.*

Plutarch.

BL5

TI.

The Tragedie

TI.

I think he need not greatly fear her blushing.

PLA.

No *Marcus* no; alas these petty Kingdomes
(Though too too great to be so ill bestow'd)
Are not the scope of her ambitious ayms!

CLE.

My Lord, I dare not make excuse, or plead
Unworthinesse, where once *Antonius* wisdom
Has made election to conferre his favours.

ANT.

Admire not, friends; the God-like power of Rome
Is more declar'd by what it gives away *Plutarch.*
Then what it holds. But these are still our owne
And *Cleopatra* Romes deserving friend.

CA.

I cannot choose but think how fit a state
For *Cleopatra Cyprus* Kingdome is;
And shall believe that it was ominous
That noble *Julius Caesar* after all
Those foure rich triumphs which he held at Rome
When he resolv'd with like magnificence
To build a Temple to the Goddesse *Venus*,
From whom his house derive their pedigree
Within his stately Temple, to expresse
The Image of that Goddesse, he set up
Fair *Cleopatraes* figure in the place
Supposing her to be the Queen of Love.
You know my Lord *Antonius*, this is true.
And *Cyprus* ever was fair *Venus* Ile.

AN.

'Twas well observ'd noble *Canidius*.

CA.

Fill me some wine. Health to the Cyprian Queen.

AN.

Drink it to me *Canidius*; and I thank thee.
Let it go round, my friends.

CLE

of CLEOPATRA.

CLE.

I ever thought
My self much bound to brave *Canidius*
Since I was happy in his company.

AN.

How fit it is, no other *Cyprian* Queen,
But *Cleopatra* shall the Poets know,
Whose fancies now shall raise that Kingdome higher,
More amorous now will *Paphos* mountains show,
And all those flowery Meads, the Fields of love,
Ore which no windes but Western ever blow.
The aire it self will yield a sweeter breath
While *Cleopatra* reignes the *Cyprian* Queen.

PLA.

How amorous in his language he is grown.

TI.

The times, I fear *Misurinus*, will require
A rougher language shortly. We shall heare
As soon as any news can come from Rome.

AN.

But long ago was I enfor'd to know
That *Cleopatra* was the Queen of love,
When first I met thee in *Cilicia*,
And down the silver stream of *Cydus*, thou
In *Venus* shape cam'st sayling, while the aire
Was raviſh'd with thy Musick, and the windes
In amorous gales did kisse thy silken sayls.
Thy maids in *Graces* habits did attend,
And boys, like *Cupids*, painted quivers bore,
While thousand *Cupids* in those starry eyes
Stood ready drawn to wound the stoutest hearts.

CLE.

You came like *Mars* himself in threatening arms
To ruine me, and my poor Country then.
I took that shape, because I knew no strength
No power on earth was able to resist
The conquering fury of *Antoni*.

AN.

The Tragedie

AN.

That face of thine resisted me, and did
So sweetly conquer, I was proud to yield;
And more rejoyc'd in that captivity,
Then any Roman in a triumph did. *Enter Hipparchus.*
How now, what news with thee?

HIP.

Letters from Rome, my Lord.

AN.

From whom?

HIP.

Geminus.

AN.

To morrow wee'll peruse them. No affairs
Of what import or height so ere, shall have
Power to disturbe the pleasures of this night.
Our theam to night is love, which oft has made
The Thunderer himself a while lay by
The weary burden of his government.
Come lead away.

'Twere fit to read them now.

None knows what gain a little time may be

AN.

You may peruse them *Titius*; lead away.

Exeunt.

Mauent Titius, Plancus.

Can no affairs of what import so ere
Break one nights pleasure? well *Antonius*,
The tottering state thou holdst, must be supported
By nobler vertues, or it cannot stand.

PLA.

Cyprus, Phœnice, Cœlosyria,
Three wealthy Kingdoms got with Roman bloud,
And our forefathers valour, given away,
As the base hire of an adulterous bed.
Was Cyprus conquer'd by the sober vertue
Of *Marcus Cato*, to be thus bestow'd?

TI.

of CLEOPATRA.

TI.

This act will please yong *Caesar*.

PLA.

It will displease

hus. The Senate, *Marcus*, and *Antonius* friends.

TI.

Alas, he knows not what true friendship means,
But makes his friends his slaves, and which is worse
Slaves to his lusts and vices; could he else
Slight our advise so? men, whom Rome has seen
Wearing her highest honours, and of birth
As great as his. Unlesse he change his minde
I shall believe my friendship was ill plac'd,
And strive to place it better.

PLA.

This last act

Will quickly be at Rome.

TI.

They have enough

Already, noble *Plancus*, think you not

It will be censur'd that the Roman name

Was much dishonour'd by that base surprize

Of *Artavasdes* the Armenian King?

Dio. Cass.

Plutarch.

eunt. Whom through the streets of Alexandria

He led in triumph bound with golden chains

Forcing the captive King, (if all his threats

Could have enforc'd so much) prostrate t'adore.

Proud *Cleopatra*, as if all his acts,

And all the honour of his armes were due

To her and not to Rome. *Calpurnius* too

Plutarch.

In Senate late accus'd him for bestowing

On *Cleopatra* that so farre renown'd

And famous Library of Pergamus,

In which there were two hundred thousand Books.

How many such wilde actions have her charms

Enforc'd his weaknesse to?

PLA.

TI.

The Tragedie

PLA.

His Testament,
Which now at Rome the Vestall Virgins keep,
Of which we two are privy to the sealing,
Should it be known, would stirre all Romans hate,
Willing his bodie, though he dy'd at Rome,
To be interr'd at Alexandria. *Plutarch*
But if a warre 'twixt him and *Cæsar* grow
(As needs it must, although not yet declar'd)
For *Cæsar* now is levying men and money
Through Italy, Spain, France and Germany,
Against what foe can his designe be bent
But our *Antonius*? if a warre I say
Twixt them should happen, tell me, noble *Titius*,
What should we do?

TI.

Fight for *Antonius*.

PLA.

True friend, were he himself, or were there hope,
Or possibility he could be so.
But shall our valour toile in sweat and bloud
Only to gain a Roman Monarchy
For *Cleopatra*, and th'effeminate rout
Of base *Canopus*? shall her timbrels fright
Romes Capitoll, and her advanced pride
Tread on the necks of captive Senators?
Or, which is more, shall th'earths Imperiall seat
Remove from Rome to *Ægypt*s swarthy sands
For who can tell if mad *Antonius*
Have promis'd her, as *Corneilius Marcius* once
Promis'de the Samnites, to transference the state?

TI.

It may be so, his dotage is enough
To grant it her, her pride enough to aske it.
Minutius Plancus, in this whole discourse
Thou speak'st my very thoughts no more, here comes

of CLEOPATRA.

Lucilius, whither so fast?

Enter *Lucilius*.

LU.

My Lords,

Down to the Fort to wait upon the Consuls,
The Roman Consuls both, *Titus Domitius*,
And *Caius Sossius* are from Rome arriv'd
Here at Pelusium, what the matter is
Not yet known.

Dio.

Sueton.

PLA.

I'll go along with thee;

This now begins to look like business, *Marcellus*. Exit.



Actus Secundus.

ANTONIUS, SOSSIUS, DOMITIUS,
CANIDIUS, TITIUS, PLAN-
CUS, VENTIDIUS.

AN.

Is not the place, nor marble walls that make
A Senate lawfull, or decrees of power,
But convocation of the men themselves
The sacred order by true Magistrates.
Then Rome is here; here both her Consuls are,
Here are her axes, and her falces born,
And no small number of that sacred order
Are here assisting, when the barbarous Gauls
Had taken Rome, when all the Senate fled,
And with *Camillus* their Dictator then

Ac

The Tragedie

At *Vei* liv'd, Rome then at *Vei* was,
As now in *Ægypt*. Fathers, know the face,
Of your assembly, know your lawfull power.
Consult, decree, and act what ere may be
Happy, and prosperous for the Common-wealth.

SOS.

Whilst power of laws, whilst reverence of the Senate,
And due respect t^a a Consuls dignity
Could give protection to the Consuls persons
We did maintain thy cause *Antonius*
Against proud *Cesars* faction. Now since laws
Are put to silence, and the Senate forc'd,
The Consuls sacred priviledge infring'd
By rage and lawlesse armes, we are expell'd,
And suffer banishment to be restor'd,
And re-indeniz'd by thy conquering sword.
Now justly draw it. Fate approves thy cause,
And on thy conquest sets a glorious prize,
Greater then all thy former wars could give.
Sextus Pompeius, *Marcus Lepidus*
Are ruin'd both, and all competitors
Are tane away; Fortune has left but one
To share the world with thee; nor canst thou share
The world with him, his pride would barre thy right
And *Cesar's* glory dim *Antonius* light.
Thou canst not shine unless alone thou shine.
Or all the world, or nothing must be thine.

DOM.

The Consulship, that was design'd to thee,
The Senate have revok'd, and decree
'Gainst *Cleopatra* warre, but meant 'gainst thee.
What would their malice dare *Antonius*,
Had Fortune frown'd, thy Kings and Provinces
Revolted from thee, that dare now provoke
Thy growing fortunes and assisting Gods?
Their injury has made thy quarrell just.

of CLEOPATRA:

Be speedy then, and lose no time of action :

SOS.

Caesar is needy; his Italian souldiers
Are apt to mutiny for want of pay,
And might with ease be tempted to revolt.

Dio.

Plutarch.

CAN.

Ve need them not; our strengths are greater farre
Then *Caesar's* are; our preparations readier.
Nought but delay can question our successe.
Shall we decree the warre?

AN.

I say noble Romans ;
Before we publish a Decree, or shew
The reason our arms so justly tane ;
Weigh but with me the means and strength we have.
Now worthy friends it is no desperate warre.
Our valours are engag'd in; briefly thus:
Our Roman strength is nineteen Legions.
Ten Kings in person will attend our Camp;
The Kings of Africk, Comagena, Thrace,
Upper Cilicia, Paphlagonia,
Of Cappadocia, Pontus, Palestine,
Of rich Arabia, and Galatia.

Plutarch.

Our strength at Sea five hundred fighting ships
Well rigg'd and mann'd; our treasures are full;
And twenty thousand talents to the warre
Does *Cleopatra* freely contribute.

May I speak I more? the Crown of all my strength,
My loves and spirits are. The injuries
Which we ground our just and lawfull warre,
Are briefly these. *Caesar* unjustly holds
These Provinces, and armies all, that late
Wong'd to *Pompey* and to *Lepidus*
Refusing to divide them, or deliver
The moiety which appertains to me
Though oft demanded by my friends at Rome,

Dio.

Plutarch.

And

The Tragedie

And letters from my self besides he levies
Both men and money ore all Italy,
Which country, as you know, by our agreement
Belongs to both, and should be held in common.

TI.

Most true.

CA.

These wrongs are past all sufferance.
Thy warre is but defensive, to regain
Thine own unjustly taken.

DOM.

The warre's just.

SOSS.

And *Cæsar* the beginner of these broyls
From whom the wrong first sprung, most justly may
Be judg'd an enemy to the peace of Rome.

AN.

If Fortune aid us in a cause so just,
And we return victorious, noble Romans,
I make a vow, and let it be recorded,
Within two moneths after the warre is ended,
I will lay down the government I hold,
And freely then resigne my power again
Unto the Senate and the people of Rome.

SOSS.

Let it be six moneths rather; for two moneths
Will be too short a time to settle it.

DOM.

Scipius speaks well, my Lord.

ANT.

Let it be so,
And all the Gods assist me as I mean
A just and true performance.

CA.

All the Gods
Preserve *Antonius* father of his Country.

OMN

of CLEOPATRA.

OMN.

Author and Champion of our liberty.

Exeunt. manent TITUS, PLANCUS.

TI.

Let them believe that list; for me, I think
The resignation of a power so great
Will be a temperance too great for him
To expresse.

PLA.

For if he would, he must
Take leave of *Cleopatra*, and her pride
Will hardly grant him that.

TI.

For will I fight
To make her Mistress of the world and him,
Have you consider'd, noble friend of what
He lately spake?

PLA.

Pl. And am resolved *Marcus*.

The friends and followers we shall bring with us
Will make us welcome guests to *Cæsar's* side.

It seems the City favours *Cæsar* much
That both the Consuls fled from Rome for fear.

Dio. For is our action base; the scorns and wrongs

We have endur'd at *Cleopatra's* hands

Plutarch.

Could tempt a moyle to fury, and both sides
And equall yet.

TI.

Come let's away; tis time.

Dio.

PLA.

Egypt farewell.

TI.

Farewell *Antoniw*.

Exeunt.

SE-

OMN

The Tragedie

SELEUCUS, GLAUCUS.

SE.

How suddenly the Scene is changed here
From love and banquets to the rough alarms
And threatning noile of warre !

GLA.

The change, *Seleucus*
Is not so suddain as you speak ; this storm
Has been expected long; the two great Lords
Of all the Roman world, *Antonius*
And *Cæsar* have in heart been enemies
These many yeers; and every man has wonder'd
'T has been withheld so long, considering
How much complaining has been daily made
By them, their friends, and factions 'gainst each other
Whose cause is justest let the Gods determine.

SE.

No other justice then ambition
Makes them to draw their swords; no other cause
Then that the world cannot endure two Suns.

GLA.

The thing that troubles me, *Seleucus*, is
I hear it spoken in the Court, the Queen
Her self in person will associate
Antonius to the warre.

SE.

I hear that rumour ;
But hope it is not true, how nakedly
And in what great confusion would this land
Be left ! and what addition can her person
Among so many Roman Legions
Bring to *Antonius* ?

GLA.

Let us enquire
The certainty; I fain would be resolv'd.

of CLEOPATRA:

SE.

on necessity must know, before
the Queen can go, that order may be taken
about the Fort I keep, what strength she means
to leave within it in her absence.

GLA.

rue,

that reason will excuse thee for enquiring.

Exeunt.

CLEOPATRA, CANIDIUS.

CLE.

d noble *Canidius*, I'll entrust no more,
nor use more circumstances; for I know
to whom I have referr'd my businesse,
other and trust your wisdom.

CA.

oyall *Cleopatra*.

am so fortify'd with reasons now

Plutarch.

that maugre *Sossius* and *Domitius*

with all their best perswasions, I'll prevaile

you shall not stay behinde; fear it not Madam.

CLE,

ave Roman, wear this jewell for my sake;

and be possesst of *Cleopatraes* love.

cond my suit, there lies not in my power

thing to grant I should deny *Canidius*.

CA.

he favours, Madam, you can give, have power

oblige the greatest Monarchs of the World.

CLE.

ready, worthy friend; he'll straight be here. *Exit Can.*

one but *Canidius* has the power to work

Antonius in this action, which the rest

all all oppose, I know; a thing on which

my state, my hopes, and fortunes all depend.

He

The Tragedie

He must perswade *Antonius* to take
Me with him to the warre; for if I stay
Behinde him here, I run a desperate hazard;
For should *Octavia* enterpose her self
In this great warre (as once before she did)
And make her brother, and her husband friends
Wher's *Cleopatra* then? but here he comes.

ANTONIUS, CLEOPATRA.

AN.

Sweet *Cleopatra*, I should plead excuse
For leaving thee awhile, but that the cause
Is of a nature so immense and high,
And brings effects of such advantage home,
That thou I know art pleas'd it should be so;
And with a patience canst resolve to bear
So small an absence, that my wish'd return
May call thee mistress of the subject world.

CLE.

Cannot *Antonius* then be fortunate
If *Cleopatra* go? is there in me
So bad an *Omen*? did I think there were,
Not for the world would I desire to bear
Your company but rather die at home.

AN.

Farre are my thoughts from giving entertainment
To such fond dreams. I would not venture thee.

CLE.

My life and fortunes both depend on yours.
As much in *Ægypt* will my danger be,
As in your army, and my torment more,
To die each houre for feare: and to remain
In sad suspence till messengers can bring
The news so farre: but if my company
Distast my Lord, I cannot wish his grief,

AN

of CLEOPATRA.

AN.

Can *Cleopatra* think her heavenly presence,
Can be distastfull, or not valued more
Then all joys else; parted from thee I think,
All places sad, all lands disconsolate,
Before this life I prize thy company,
But must not have it now; do not entreat;
I have deny'd it to my self already.
And in the Camp should be asham'd to rise
From *Cleopatraes* arms, when wars rough noise
Shakes all the world, when Kings and Senators
Are venturing lives and fortunes in my service.
Oh stay behinde! and let thy presence make
Egypt a place, to which I would desire
Of *Cæsar's* fortune conquer, to retire.

CLE.

If that should happen (which the Gods avert)
What land, alas! could comfort me, or lend
A safe retreat to vanquish'd *Antony*?
Thou would'st disdain to draw a wretched breath,
And I as much should scorn captivity.
But I had thought the Roman *Antony*
Had lov'd so great a Queen with nobler love;
Not as the pleasure of his wanton bed
Or mistress only of some looser houres,
But as a partner in his highest cares,
And one whose soul he thought were fit to share
In all his dangers, all his deeds of honour.
Without that love I should disdain the other.

AN.

Do not mistake me, noble Queen, I know
Thy brest is full of high heroike worth.

CLE.

How can you think it so, that could so long
In times of peace and pleasure recreate
Your self with me in Ægypt Court; yet now

When

The Tragedie

When honour calls, reject my company ?

AN.

I should desire it rather then my life;
But that my Roman friends are all against it.

Enter Sossius, Domitius, Canidius.

See here they come, if they agree tis done.
Now noble friends on whose oraculous counsels
And matchlesse valour my whole fate depends,
Speak what you think, should *Cleopatra* go
In person to the warre, or stay behinde ?

SO.

I have delivered my opinion,
And so has my Colleague.

AN.

What thinks *Canidius* ?

CA.

I think tis fit, my Lord, the Queen, whose bounty
Has brought so great assistance to the warre,
Should not be left behinde, besides her presence
Will much encourage her Ægyptian souldiers,
Of which a great part of the fleet consists. *Plutarch.*

AN.

Tis true *Canidius*.

CLE.

Let not my sex
Disparage me, for which of all those Kings
That now in person serve *Antonius*
Have more experience in affairs of weight
Then I, my Lord, which have so long been privy
To your high counsels, and in love to you
And your designs who should compare with me?

AN.

What think you friends? you heare *Canidius*.

DOM.

If you be pleas'd, I will subscribe.

SOS.

of CLEOPATRA.

SOS.

And I,
since things go so.

CLE.

wishes are effected.

AN.

Brutus, and *Plutarch* are both fled to *Cæsar*.

CAN.

you shall not need their help my Lord, at all.

AN.

come, let's away.

CLE.

My strengths are ready all,
and wait but your command.

AN.

Speak like *Bellona*.

Brutus, return you to your charge

and bring those sixteen Cohorts down to sea; *Plutarch*.

Meet me at Samos with them; both the Consuls

shall go along with me. Great Father *Mars*,

and all you Gods, that from the skies behold

the Roman labours, whose propitious aid

advanc'd my fortunes to so great an height,

make perfect that, which you your selves begun.

This is the sword's last work, the judging hour

of Nations fates, of mine and *Cæsar*'s power.

In which the stars and destinies attend,

and all the fortunes of Mankind depend.

Exeunt

ACHOREUS.

What dire portents sent from the wrathfull Gods?

Threaten th'astonish'd world? What plagues are those

which in the skies prodigious face I read?

Simultuous Nature teems with monstrous births,

as if the throws would break her labouring wombe.

C

What

The Tragedie

What ruine lesse then *Chaos* shall involve
The mourning face of Nature? what great fate,
What kinde of mischief is it? oh ye Gods,
Why did you adde to wretched men a care
So past their strength to bear, to let them know
By sad presages their ensuing woe?
Unknown and secret let your vengeance be,
And none foresee their following misery;
But hope as well as fear. *Jove* hide thy dooms;
Keep shut, oh fates, your adamantine books!
Let not the bainefull curiosity
Of humane knowledge search your secret counsels,
And read your purposes, to nourish so
A killing fear before the danger grow.

Enter SELEUCUS, GLAUCUS.

SE.

That Comet's gone.

GLA.

It mov'd directly upward,
And did not vanish till it seem'd to reach
The firmament.

ACH.

What talk you of my sonnes?

GLA.

That Comet, father, ore the Græcian Sea.

ACH.

It was a strange one both for form and greatnesse,
And bodes some mischief whersoere it light.
The Gods avert it from our *Ægypt*s coast.

SE.

Pinnarius Scarpus had received news
That Italy and Rome it self are fill'd
With prodigies: an ugly Owle of late
Did fly into the house of Concord first,

Phen

of CLEOPATRA.

Hence being driven away it search'd again
Within the Temple of the peoples *Genius*.

There, though all striv'd, it neither could be caught,
Nor driven away, but flew at leisure out.

A sacred Trophy on Mount Aventine,

Dio.

Victorias Image on the Theater

Dio.

By suddain tempests were thrown down and broken.

GLA.

In Rome and other parts of Italy

Sudden and strangely kindled fires have done

Exceeding waste; and we are certifi'd

sels, That now Sicilian *Aetna* nourishes

Dio.

More horrid flames then usually it does,

And farther casts his scorching entrails forth,

Blasting the fields and burning up the corn.

SE.

A two-legg'd Dragon in Etruria

Dio.

Full fourscore foot in length was lately seen,

Which after much annoyance of the Country

It self with lightning was consum'd at last.

But these portents do threaten Italy.

ACH.

Alas, my sonne, there need no prodigies

To shew the certain losse of Italy.

For on both sides do Roman Eagles stand,

And Rome must bleed who ere be conquerour,

Besides her liberty for ever lost

When this sad field is fought: but that's not all,

se, What clime so farre, what region so remote,

But that the Roman fortune reaches thither?

All nations share in this.

GLA.

What hast thou got

By all thy conquest Rome, by all the blood

Which thy ambition through the world has shed,

hen But rais'd a power, which now thou canst not rule,

C 2

Nou-

The Tragedie

Nourish'd a Lion to devour thy self?

SE.

Would none but Roman blood might quench the fire
Of Romes dissentions, and no land beside
Be forc'd to pay the forfeit of their pride.
With evill *Omen* did *Aeneas* first
Transport the reliques of Troyes fatall fire
To Italy, that kindled greater there
It might at last like lightning through the world
Rend every Nation. Was it not enough,
That first your conquests strew'd the earth with slaught
And dy'd all Regions with their natives bloods, (ter
But your dissentions still must tear the world?

ACHO.

I'll go within, and make an offering
To great *Osiris*.

Exit Achoreus

GLA.

Well may it succeed.

Aegypt will flourish if *Antonius* conquer.

SE.

If he should fall, the fury of the warre
Would light on *Aegypt* most, and we should rue
That ere *Antonius* lov'd this haplesse land.

Enter MARDIO.

Oh Gentlemen, the strongest news, that ere
Was seen in *Aegypt*.

GLA.

What's that *Mardio*?

MAR.

Thousands of people with astonishment
And fear beheld it: on those fruitfull plains
That Southward ly from *Alexandria*,
Where never rain was known to fall before,
It rain'd whole showers of blood, whose colour set

of CLEOPATRA.

A purple die upon those verdant fields ;
And in the clouds that horrid noise was heard
That meeting armies make, beating of drums.
Shrill trumpets sound, armor against armor clashing,
As if the blood that fell, dropp'd from the wounds *Dio.*
Those aëry battails made.

GLA.

This is more strange
Then all the rest: this is our own *Seleucus*.

SE.

Well Gentlemen, I'll to Pelusium,
And fortifie the town to keep our foes,
If foes be conquerours, from entring there.

GLA.

Yes, and our friends, if they be vanquished,
Keep out our friends, *Seleucus*, if their presence
May pluck a warre, and ruine on our heads.

SE.

As there's occasion wee'll determine that.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Avert your anges, Gods, if all too late
Our prayers came not now.

GLA.

What is it father ?

Your looks, I see, are full of ruth and wo.

ACHO.

Oh wretched Ægypt, ah unhappy land
What hast thou so stor'd the wrath of heaven ?
The griev'd God refus'd his offering
Following aloud that all the Temple rung,
And from his sacred eys the tears run down.
Would I could contradict, or not beleeve
The skill which surest observations teach.
This signifies a change of government.

C 3

PL.

The Tragedie

GLA.

What heaven is pleas'd to send, we much endure.

ACO.

True sonne; and let a wise man place his strengths
Within himself, nor trust to outward aids.

That whatsoever from the Gods can come
May finde him ready to receive their doom.

Exeunt



Actus Tertius.

Enter PINNARIUS SCARPUS
with Souldiers.

PIN.

TIs not *Antonius*, worthy souldiers,
But Rome herself to whom you owe your valours.
What he could claim, you have perform'd already;
And serv'd him truly, whilst he was to you
A Generall, to Rome a Magistrate,
You are discharg'd from all obedience
You ow'd to him, by fate it self, and may
Nay, ought to follow him, whom Roman fates
Appoint your Generall, the noble *Cesar*
Great *Julius* heir, not to his name alone
But spirit and fortunes, which have both appear'd
In this so great and finall a defeat
Given to *Antonius*. Before we knew not

T

of CLEOPATRA.

To whom the Gods and Fortune had assign'd
Our service souldiers; now they have declar'd.
And let us follow where they please to lead:
For faith is impious striving to sustain
That side, whose fall the Gods themselves ordain.

SOL.

Exit Caesar, Caesar, Caesar.

PIN.

Your judgments guide you right; for could you think
So small a strength as ours could raise again
The desperate state of faine *Antonius*,
Under whose ruine all those legions sunk?
What madnesse were it, souldiers to preferre
A hopelesse civill warre before the weal
And peace of Rome? and desperately provoke
The prosperous fortunes of victorious *Cesar*?
I have already to *Cornelius Gallus*
By letter signify'd our purposes.
Who sent from *Cesar* now is marching hither,
To joyn his strength with ours: but hark his Drum
Give notice of his comming.

Enter GALLUS.

Hail *Pinnarius*.

PIN.

Ah hail *Cornelius Gallus*,
Most wish'd for, an most happily arriv'd
At Parætonium.

GAL.

Victorious *Cesar*
With love and favour greets *Pinnarius Scarpus*,
Cesar, then whom the world acknowledges
No other power; whom Fortune now has made
Sole Lord of all.

C

4

PI.

The Tragedie

PI.

I, and my souldiers

With Parætonium are at *Cæsar's* service.

Whither's *Antonius* fled?

GAL.

Hither to Ægypt

With *Cleopatra*? 'Twas a victory

So strangely given away, as not the like

In former times I think has ere been heard;

On which especially so great a price

As the sole sway of all the world depended.

The Fleets encountred both, while with the Camps

On either shore stood to behold the fight,

Heer the *Cæsar*ian, there the *Antonian* Fleet

With equall hopes came on, with fury equall.

And long maintain'd a sharpe and cruell fight,

With mutuall slaughter, while the Oceans face,

Was forc'd to lose his colour, and receive

A crimson die. The ships *Antonius* had

Were tall, and slowly did like Castles move.

But *Cæsar's* small, yet quick and active, stirr'd

On every side with all advantages.

Long fortune doubted, and bright victory

Knew not which way to lean, but kept them both

In equall ballance; till *Antonius*

Himself at last betray'd his glorious hopes.

For when his Mistris *Cleopatra* fled,

Although a while within his manly breast

The Roman honour strove 'gainst wanton love, *Florus*

Love got the conquest, and *Antonius*

Fled after her, leaving his souldiers there

To sell their lives in vain; who many houres

Though he were fled, made good the navall fight.

And had *Antonius* stay'd, it may be fear'd

Cæsar had not prevail'd: at last the Fleet

Wanting their Admirall, though not without

Much

of CLEOPATRA.

Much slaughter, fled, or yielded all to *Cæsar*.]

PIN.

But what became of all his strength on land?

GAL.

Nay, there's the wonder, there's *Antony's* madnesse;

And such a madnesse as will strike amazement

To all that heare it told: after his flight

He nere return'd, though in the campe he had

Under the conduct of *Canidius*

And other Captains nineteen legions

Fresh and unfought, which might with reason hope

Had he been there, to have recover'd all,

They still remayn'd encamped, and though oft

Solicited by *Cæsar* to revolt

Were kept from yielding, by *Canidius*

In hope of *Antony's* return. Untill

Canidius fearing his own souldiers minds

Plutarch.

And *Cæsar's* anger fled away by night,

They then despairing yielded all to *Cæsar*.

Who by this time think's arriv'd in *Ægypt*,

About Pelusium.

PJ.

Will you view the town?

GAL.

With all my heart, noble *Pinnarius*.

Exit.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Agrippa*, *Titius*, *Plan-*

cus, *Thyreus*, *Epaphrodi-*

tus, *Proculeius*.

Cæ.

Antony then with *Cleopatra's* fled

To *Alexandria*.

AGR.

'Tis certain, *Cæsar*.

C 5

PHAS

The Tragedie

PHA.

They say the vanquish'd Queen most cunningly:
(Fearing it seems, to be excluded else
From her own Kingdome) fain'd her self victorious,
Landing in Ægypt with triumphant songs
Her ships all crown'd with laurell, to deceive
The credulous people: where being enter'd once
She leaves unpractis'd no strange tyranny;
And, as we hear, to win the Parthian King
Unto her side, beheaded *Artavasdes*
King of Armenia, and the Parthians so,
Who was her prisoner, that *Artavasdes*,
Whom *Anthony* so basely had surpris'd.

TI.

Cesar, 'twere fit to take *Pelusium*
Before we march to *Alexandria*.

Cæ.

'Twas our intent, good *Titus*, not to leaue
A town of that import behinde our backs.
Go *Proculeius*, summon it, and know
Whether the Governour will yield or no.

Exit. Pro

Enter Servant.

What news with thee?

SER.

Cesar, a messenger
From *Cleopatra* craves admittance.

Cæ.

Bring him.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Queen *Cleopatra* to great *Cesar* wishes
All health and victory; and humbly proffers
Her self and all her fortunes to his service:
In token of which she here presents by mee

of CLEOPATRA.

This Crown and Scepter.

TI.

Disgrave and ominous.

EUP.

ious, humbly entreating *Cæsar's* noble favour
To her and hers; the rest of her desires
To please it *Cæsar* to peruse the same;
His letter holds.

PLA.

Di warrant a love-letter.

Cæ.

ut tell me first, where is *Antonius*?

EUP.

ill truly tell (though it may seem to some
Incredible) that great *Antonius*
A man of late in conversation
So free, and full of jollity, in a strange
Deep melancholly has retir'd himself
To *Pharos* Ile; where like Athenian *Timon*,
Who did professe a hatred to mankind,
And fled all company, he lives alone;
And on the solitary shore has built
A little house to feed his frantike humour,
And imitate that *Timon's* life, whose name
He takes unto himself: no friends at all
Nor servants are admitted to his presence,
But only two, Roman *Lucilius*
And *Aristocrates* the Græcian.

Plut. Strabo
lib. 17.

Cæ.

Not *Cleopatra*? then I doubt the man
Grows weary of these worldly vanities.

AGR.

I never heard of such a change as this.
Give me the letter. I'll peruse it now

He reads.

The Tragedie

AGRIPPA, AGR. CESAR.

shy retire

Czs.

Here the woman writes
That for her liberty, and to confirme
The Crown of Ægypt to her self and children
To gratifie my favour she has hid
Within her pallace a great masse of gold.
Unknown to *Antonius*.

Plutarch

AGRI.

'Tis like ennough,
For *Cleopatra's* rich, and long has been,
Besides the sacriledge she lately did
In robbing all the Temples of the Gods
About these parts.

Cz.

I would not lose this gold,
Nor willingly let *Cleopatra* die.
Before her person have adorn'd my triumph.

AGR.

That will be hard to bring to passe, and must
Be wrought with subtilty: you must not send
A threatening message back; for if you do,
All's lost, her life, her gold and all are vanish'd.
For *Cleopatra*, as in all her acts
It has appear'd, is of a wondrous spirit,
Of an ambition greater then her fortunes
Have ever been, though she so long have sway'd
A soveraignty ore half the Roman world,
Trod on the necks of humbled Kings, and rul'd
Antonius as her slave: her haughty spirit
Will never stoop so much as to a thought
Of such captivity.

Cz.]

I do not mean

of CLEOPATRA.

retire To let her know my minde, or once suspect
I can help it, but I have it now.

Thyrens come hither; I must now rely
upon thy wisdom, care, and diligence
in an employment that concerns me nearly.
But I am confident: go with this fellow

To Alexandria; use to the Queen

Dis. thy best and most perswasive Oratory.

Plutarch. Tell her I love her, and extremely dote

On her admired beauty, thou art wise

and need'st no great instructions; the successe

do not doubt, the woman's credulous,

and thinks all men are bound to be in love

With that insnaring face; if thou perceive;

he will be wrought on, winne her to betray

Antony to my hand: the way to woo her

leave good *Thyrens* to thy eloquence

And cunning working of it: spare thy reply. to Euph.

bid him come hither. Commend my hearty love

To *Cleopatra*; bid her fear no ill

from me at all. What I desire from her

My freed man *Thyrens* has commission

To utter to her self. *Epaphroditus*,

So see him well rewarded.

EPA.

Health to *Caesar*.

Exeunt. Epa. & Euph.

Enter PROCULEIUS.

The Governour is stout, and does resolve
To stand th'extremest hazard of the warre
Before he yield Pelusium.

Ca.

Let him rue

His stubborn loyalty, souldiers make ready

For the assault; 'tis shame so small a town

Should

The Tragedie

Should stay our fortune in the full career.

Exeunt

ANTONIUS *disguis'd like TIMON, reading.*

*Here bury'd do I lie; thou gentle wave
Keep hatefull man from treading Ti-
mons grave.*

Calli-
mah
Epigr-
as
de Ti-
mon

*Reader be gone; enquire no more of me,
A curse upon thee whatsoere thou be.*

ANT.

Good, good; oh *Timon*, Athens nere could boast
A wise philosopher but thee. Thou knew'st
The nature of all men, that all were false;
True *Timon*, true, they are all Knaves indeed.
Thou wisely hat'st that wicked thing call'd man,
Whom other forced Philosophers admire,
And call a noble creature, and partaker
Of divine nature: they were fools, fools *Timon*,
All other Sects were fools, and I will follow
No sect but thine; I am a Timonist.
That's not enough, *Timon* himself I am.

Enter LUCILIUS, ARISTOCRATES.

Yonder he sits, see *Aristocrates*
How much unlike that great *Antonius*,
Whose person late so many legions guarded,
So many Kings attended as their Lord.

ARI.

Antonius, where? thou art deceiv'd *Lucilius*,
That's *Timon* man.

LU.

How canst thou jest at this
This wofull passion; which alone's enough
To melt his foes and *Cæsar* into tears.

ARI.

We feed this foolish passion, to give way,

Ar

of CLEOPATRA.

Exeunt and keep aloof thus. I'll go to him. *Timon.*

AN.

Calli a! what art thou? be gone I say from me.
mah et you to *Cesar* man: I hate you all.

ARI.

Epigr hate thee, *Timon*; dost thou think 'tis love
e Ti as brought me hither? I am come to vex thee.

AN.

none Oh welcome, what's thy name? i' *ft* *Alcibiades*?

ARI.

hast thou forgot me?

ANT.

Dost thou hate all men?

ARI.

Why dost thou think me so unnaturall
To love a man? but may we not love women?

AN.

Yes, they may be belov'd; provided always
That they be false.

ART.

True *Timon*, wicked women
May be belov'd, because they ruine men.

ANT.

Right, right; and now I better think upon't
I'll set no gallowses or gibbets up
As I entended once, for men to come
And hang themselves, I'll keep a bawdy house.

ARI.

A better way by farre, 'twill ruine mee,
I wonder, *Timon*, at that foolish plot
That I have heard, that in thy gardens once
In Athens thou did'st set up gallowses
For men in discontent to hang themselves.
How few think'st thou would be so mad to do it?
But to a wench they'll come, and then the office
That thou shalt have will be of more account.

AN

For

The Tragedie

For where have you a man of any fashion
That now adays turnes hangman ; but a Pandar
Is on employment that befits a Statesman,
A thing requires good parts and gravity.

ANT.

I'de try that course; but tis too slow a plot.
Oh for a speedy way to kill the world !
I have done somewhat in my days; my wars
And bloody battels were not made in vain.
For I was once *Antonius*, and a Roman,
As in the wars of Troy *Pythagoras*
Before that transmigration of his soul,
Had been *Euphorbus*.

AN.

Thou art like him still.

ANT.

And when I was *Triumvir* first at Rome,

AN.

That was a time indeed, then I could heare
Of those good deeds, which must be still a comfort
To your good consciences, though they be past.
When Rome was fill'd with slaughter, flow'd with
bloud.

But they perchance were Knaves that were proscrib'd,
And might have done more mischief had they liv'd.

AN.

No, they were honest men; I look'd to that.

ARI.

'Twas well, and carefully.

AN.

Behold the list.

But one among the rest most comforts me,
That talking fellow *Cicero*, that us'd
To taxe the vicious times, and was forsooth
A lover of his Country.

ARI.

of CLEOPATRA.

ARI.

Out upon him,
Then he was rightly serv'd : for is it fit
In a well govern'd state such men should live
As love their Country? had 't not been for him
Catiline's plot had thriv'd.

AN.

'Tis true, I'm sure
Caesar was on that side, he favour'd it.

ARI.

Yes, Caesar understood himself; ther's hope
That this young Caesar too will prove as good
A Patriot as ere his father was.

ANT.

He will do reason man : he is of nature
Cruell enough; in that proscription
It did appear; but now he'll reigne alone.

ARI.

Oh for such factions as were then a foot
To rend the state, and fill the world with slaughter,

ANT.

with Oh, let me hug thee Alcibiades.

Enter CANIDIUS, LUCILUS.

CA.

Is that he yonder? what strange shape is that ?

LU.

None talks with him but Aristocrates,
Who following his own way, and suiting just
With his conceit thinks to reclaim him so.

CA.

The news, that I shall bring, will make him worse,
And fright that little reason that is left
Quite from his brest.

LU.

The Tragedie

LU.

It cannot so *Canidius*;
Perchance to hear th'extremity of all
Will cure his fit; it cannot make him worse:
For death it self were better and more noble.

CA.

How weak a thing is man that seats his hopes
In fortunes slippery, and unconstant favours,
And seeks no surer strengths to guard his soul?
Wanting a strong foundation, he is shaken
With every winde, orethrown by every storm.
And what so frequent as those storms in fortune?
Whose fairest weather never brings assurance
Of perpetuity but come what will
I'll tell him all.

LU.

Do, good *Canidius*.

ANT.

Well *Alcibiades*, I am resolv'd
I'll to the wars again, and either conquer
Mine enemies, or take a course to starve
And kill up my own souldiers, and so be
Reveng'd on some body: One of these two
May easily be brought to passe. How think'st thou?

ARI.

Yes, yes: but lets to Court, and there consult.

Enter MARDIO.

See who comes here, now for our bawdy project.
Here is a servant I must needs preferre
Well vers'd in bawdry, Master of the art.
Come neer brave *Mardio*, come.

MAR.

My businesse
Is not to you;

AR

of CLEOPATRA.

ARI.

Mark him but well, and tell me
How he would execute the place.

MAR.

My Lord,

The Queen entreats your presence at the Palace;
The griev'd Queen, who in your absence pines,
Who suffers in your grief.

ARI.

Well urg'd old Eunuch.

ANT.

Ha! what of her? will she revolt to Caesar?

MAR.

She's farre from that, my Lord.

ANT.

What i'st he says?

ARI.

He says the constitution of her body
Cannot hold out unlesse you visit her.

MAR.

The Queen shall know it, *Aristocrates*.

ARI.

Did you not say she pin'd and languish'd Sir,
And what's the difference? tell your tale your self.

ANT.

What does she say? does she not hate me man?

MAR.

Oh no my Lord, she loves you as her life.

No spite of fortune that she has endur'd,

Or can hereafter fear, grieves her so much

As does your absence and strange melancholy.

ARI.

Well *Mardio*, thou art fittest for the place.

CAN.

My Lord *Antonius*?

ANT.

The Tragedie

AN.

Ha! mo men upon us ?

CA.

I come to bring thee heavy news *Antonius*.
The forces all, which thou didst leave encamp'd
At Actium, horse and foot are gone to *Cesar*.
And all th' auxiliary Kings; no strength
At all is left thee, but what here thou hast
At Alexandria.

AN.

Ha !

LU.

This sinks into him.

CA.

It makes a deep impression in his passion.

ARI.

And may perchance expell his other fit.

AN.

All you here yet ! then I have friends I see.
But tell me, can you be so mercifull
As to forgive that most unmanly fit
I have been in? oh, I am all in blushes.

CA.

My Lord, take better comfort.

AN.

Dearest friends.

I will be proof 'gainst any fortune now.
Come let's together to the Court, and there
Drown sadnesse in rich cups of Meroë wine,
And laugh at Fortunes malice, for your sight
More cheers my spirits, then her frowns can dull them.

Exeunt.

Actus



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And v

of CLEOPATRA.



Actus Quartus.

CLEOPATRA, GLAUCUS.

GLA.

M Adam, all drugs with pain and torment kill
That kill with speed. No easie way to death
Is wrought but by a slow and lingring course,
Where Natures strength is by degrees subdu'd,
And yielding so decays insensibly:
No art at all can make a drug that's quick
And gentle too. No poyson but the Aspe
Of all the mortall brood of Libyaes Snakes
Kils with a suddain, and yet easie death
As if brought forth to contradict our skill
By envious Nature, who disdains frail man
Should hope to finde her secrets wholly out.
None but that Serpent, Madam, can effect *Plutarch.*
What you desire; of which I here have brought.

CLE.

Leave it good *Glaucus*; leave the potion too.
Tis quick, thou sayst.

GLA.

Yes Madam; but too painfull
And violent.

CLE.

The Tragedie

CLE.

Well leave them both with me. *Exit Glaucus.*
Let none adventure on prosperity
But with a spirit still prepar'd to die.
Let them keep certain death still in their power
That dare be great and happy, nought but that
Frees states when they are fall'n. Well did wise
And liberall Nature on mankinde bestow
A gift so soveraigne as power to die,
An Antidote 'gainst Fortunes cruelty,
That is the decree preservative, that must
Controll the spite of Fortune, and redeem
A wofull life from lothed servitude.
One venome's gentle; tother rough and cruell.
But tis not safe to trust mine honour so,
On doubtfull props: the poysons both may fail,
Or differ farre from what vain fame reports
Their operation. Tis experience
That must confirme me. *Mardio is return'd.*

Enter Mardio with two prisoners.

MAR.

Here are two men, Madam, condemn'd for murder
To cruell death, and are to die to morrow.

CLE.

Come neerer both, and tell me, dare you die? *Dis.*

I PRI.

Great Queen, necessities strict law imposes *Plutarch.*
That doom upon us; in forc'd actions
Courage can have no triall.

CLE.

Dare you die
A lesse dishonorable way, to scape
The common hangman's hand, and from a Queen
Receive your death, and that an easier death?

BOTH.

of CLEOPATRA.

BOTH.

Most willingly, great Queen; we are prepar'd
CLE.

Give them their lots, *Mardio*; the shortest lot
Is to die first.

2 PRI.

That lot is mine.

CLE.

The Aspe shall be thy fate: now Aspe confirme
What fame reports of thee; stay thou thy draught
Till he be dead: feel'st thou no pain?

2 PRI.

A faintnesse seizes me, and I would sleep.

MAR.

How gently he lies down? and scarcely strives
Against his death at all.

CLE.

I think he's dead

Already. Sure he feels but little pain.

I am confirm'd.

MAR.

He's dead and stiffe already.

CLE.

Wee'll try no more, as for thy draught of poyson
Thus we discharge thee of it, and from death
Doom'd by the law our royall pardon frees thee.
Publish it *Mardio*.

PRI.

The Gods preserve

Royall and gracious *Cleoptrae's* life.

Exeunt.

CLE.

I am resolv'd; nought but the Libyan Aspe
Shall be renown'd for *Cleopatrae's* death.

Thou precious worme, that canst redeem alone
The losse of honour at a rate so easie,
That kill'st as gently as the hand of age,

And

The Tragedie

And art miscall'd a plague of Africa,
Since thou alone mak'st barren Africke envy'd,
By other lands, though fruitfull, wanting thee.
Who crosse the Seas, and hence at highest price
Transport the Aspe as choicest Merchandise.
On thee I trust, one gentle touch of thine
Can free this life from lothed servitude,
From *Cesar's* triumph, the base peoples mocks,
Proud *Livia's* scorn, and mad *Octavia's* spight.
But why are all my thoughts turn'd to despair?
Why think I now of death? me thinks my *Genius*
Checks this cold fear, and Fortune chiding tels me
I am ungratefull to distrust, her now.
My race of life and glory is not run,
Nor *Cleopatra's* fortunes yet arriv'd
At that great height that must eternize her,
And fix her glorious name aboue the stars.
I long to hear what answer *Cesar* sends.
I do not know his temper, but he's young;
And why should I despair? are *Cupid's* fires
Extinguish'd quite? are all his arrows spent?
Or is this beauty, that can boast the conquest
Of *Julius Cesar*; and great *Antony*,
So waned now, it cannot move the temper
Of one, whom youth makes fit for *Cupid's* conquest?

Enter EUPHRONLUS, THYREUS.

EUP.

Madam, your gifts were more graciously receiv'd,
And *Cesar* with a smiling brow return'd
All seeming love and friendship; he has sent
His free'dman *Thyreus* to attend your highnesse,
And to impart his counsels to your eare.

CLE.

of CLEOPATRA.

CLE.

He's welcome to us. What's great *Cesar's* will.

Exit Euphro.

THY.

Cesar's best wishes, royall *Cleopatra*,
None but your fairest self can satisfie.
No power on earth can give what *Cesar* wants
But you, great Queen. For let your Majesty
Give credit to poor *Thyreus* though the meanest
Of all the servants that attend on *Cesar*,
Ther's none about him is more neer in trust
To whom he's pleased to impart his thoughts,
And secret wishes: nothing but your love
Can crown his happinesse.

CLE.

We are no subject

For *Cesar's* mocks though in our worst of fortune.

THY.

You are the Queen of Fortune, and still hold
A lasting Scepter ore that fickle Goddess
(Fickle to others, to you true and constant)
Your radiant light lends that blinde Goddess eyes,
And guides her to your service, making all
Actions, nay losses steps to greater honour.
The late defeat at Actium, which your error
Perchance miscals a losse, was Fortunes labour
To make you greater, and remove your brightnesse
Which was ill plac'd (as Diamonds courfly set)
From old *Antonius* to yong *Cesar's* love,
A fitter sphere for those fair eys to shine in.

CLE.

Without thes courtings, *Thyreus*, if great *Cesar*
Please to embrace our friendship, we and *Aegypt*
Shall do him faithfull service.

THY.

Mighty Queen,

D

IF

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The Tragedie

If my rude speech have err'd, I humbly beg
That you would please to think it zeal in me
To do my master service, and such service
As he esteems the best, to gain your love,
I oft have heard him (let your Majesty
Not be offended with that truth I utter)
Ravish'd with fame of your perfections,
And noble spirit; call *Antonius* happy,
Whom fortune brought to *Ægypt*, to behold
That Queen, whom he so much desir'd to see.
But when his eyes beheld your portraiture
Drawn by a skilfull, and a faithfull hand;
He oft would say it was a likely seat
To hold these Graces. Such perfections
Were fit for none but *Cæsar's* to admire.

CLE.

There was a *Cæsar*, lov'd me once; but I
Am not so proud to think it was my merit,
Though he would say I did deserve farre more
Then he could utter, that great *Julius*,
Whose name and actions fill'd the triple world.

THY.

Though all in him were great, yet nothing greater
Then his adopting so divine an heire.

This *Cæsar*, Madam, for your dearest love,
Besides that power and greatnesse, which the world
Both knows and fears, brings such a youth and beautie
To plead for him, as in a mean estate
Might move a Princess love: which that your eyes
may better read, I here from him present
His true, and most unflatter'd portraiture.

CLE.

The fairest form that ere these eyes beheld.
Where all the best of each best modell meets,
Cupid's sweet smiles, lodg'd in the eye of *Mars*,
Ganymed's cheek, th' Imperiall brow of *Jove*

Where

of CLEOPATRA

Where love and majesty are proud to dwell.

THY.

His age, great Queen, is yet not thirty yee rs.

CLE.

I nere till now saw beautie: but *Thyreus*

May we repose a confidence in thee

As our true friend? we will deserve thy love.

THY.

To do divinest *Cleopatra* service

Is all poor *Thyreus* pride: in serving you

I best discharge my durie to my master.

CLE.

Then briefly thus; because I would not have

Any take notice of long privacie

Twixt thee and me, and instantly w^e expect

Antonius here, I will devise some means

How to deserve great *Cesar's* love, and act

What he shall thank us for: mean while stay here

With us, good *Thyreus*, for we cannot yet

Dispatch thee with that mesage we intend.

THY.

I will attend your highnesse.

CLE.

Till anone

Farewell, good *Thyreus*: but be neer about us.

Exit *Thyreus*.

What more then this could all the fates contrive?

What more then *Cesars* love could I have wish'd

On which all power, all state, and Glories wait:

But oh the weak and fluctuating state

Of humane frailty still too much deprest

Or rais'd too much 'twixt fears and flattring hopes!

But hence base fear; a Princely confidence

Fits *Cleopatras* minde and beautie better.

D 2

Enter

The Tragedie

Enter ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, LUCIUS,
ARISTOCRATES.

My dearest Lord.

AN.

Ah sweetest *Cleopatra*,
In this embrace, and this Ambrosiacke kisse
I am again possesse of all my wealth,
Of all my fortunes. Had the angry Gods
Purpos'd to wreak their fury fully on me,
They had not left my life so sweet a comfort.

CLE.

Possesse of you I stand above the reach
Of Fortunes threatning, or proud *Cesar's* power.
Nought but your grief, and melancholly had
Power to deject my spirits.

AN.

Thy true worth
Deserves a happier friend, that could bestow
Not take alone his happinesse from thee.
In thy sweet love, and these my faithfull friends
I still am happy, I have lost no friends.
All that are gone from me to *Cesar's* side,
Ingratefull *Titius* and *Domitius*,
Plancus, *Silvius*, *Dellius* and *Hipparchus*,
Were Fortunes friends not mine.

CLE.

Let's in and feast.
This day we'll dedicate to mirth and freedome:
To crown your welcome hither.

AN.

Sweetly spoken.
Let not a woman teach us souldiers
To be magnanimous.

CLE.

of CLEOPATRA

CLE.

This feast we'll file
The feast of fellow-dyers: for no band
No tie of friendship is so firme as that
They live in love that mean to die together. *Plutarch.*
Exeunt.

CAESAR, AGRIPPA, TITIUS, PLANCUS,
ARIUS.

Cæ.

Grave *Arius*, in thy troubled looks I read
Fear for thy native Alexandria;
But banish fear, and know thy power with *Cæsar*,
If they obey our summons, none shall die.
But though to th' utmost they resist, thy will
Shall rule our Justice.

AR.

Humble *Arius*.
Is too much honour'd in great *Cæsar's* favour.

Cæ.

We give but what we owe, a debt so great
As mine to thee can nere be overpay'd.
Great *Alexander*, whose victorious hand
Founded that City, whose eterniz'd name
For ever honours it, though in great deeds
He past our glory farre, shall not exceed
Cæsar in piety: he oft would say
He ought a better being to his Master
Then to father; one meer naturall,
The other mentall, and diviner farre.
Who's that?

D 3

Enter

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The Tragedie

Enter EPAPHRODITUS with

FERGUS.

EPA.

Fergus the Philosopher
Condemn'd to death by you.

Cz.

Dispatch him then.

EPA.

He craves a word with *Arius* ere he die.

ARI.

What is it brother?

FER.

Ah good *Arius*,
Wilemen, if truly wise, save wise men still.

Plutarch.

ARI.

Most mighty *Cesar*.

Cz.

Arius, no more,

I know what thou desir'st; *Fergus* lives;
That thou know'st him has sav'd thee.

FER.

Victorie,

And fame still wait on *Cesar*.

Cz.

Let's away

And march with speed to Alexandria.

AGR.

Cesar, your horse are weary: 'tis not fit
Too much to toil them, for I fear a sally
From Alexandria.

Cz.

They dare not man.

AGR.

Antonius is strong in well-provided
And skilfull horsemen; and despair of favor

(Sirc

of CLEOPATRA

(Since twice you have refus'd his propositions)
Will put another valour into him.

Cæ.

What conquest can *Antonius* hope for here?

AGR.

His hopes (as nere as I conjecture them)
Are to break through your troops, and get to Sea.
For yet he has a Fleet, that may transport him
To other lands, to gather new supplies.
But any fortune would prove higher farre
To him, then staying here, without all hope
To be shut up in a besieged town.
In my opinion let your march be slow
And gentle; that the horse may be refresh'd.
And we prevent the worst.

Cæ.

Let it be so.

Exeunt.

Enter LUCILIUS, ARISTOCRATES.

LU.

How formlesse is the forme of man the soul,
How various still, how different from it self?
How falsly call'd Queen of this little world?
When she's a slave, and subject not alone
Unto the bodies temperature, but all
The storms of Fortune.

ARI.

What occasion

Make thee thus offer at Philosophy?

LU.

Where hast thou liv'd thou shouldst not know th' occa-
The fits and changes of *Antonius* (sion?)
Are theam enough: how strange a loving soule
Is the late hater of mankinde become!

ARI.

The Tragedie

ARL

That is not strange, he's out of breath with cursing
And now 'tis time to stop his mouth with kissing.
But what can he conceive of this same *Thyrens*
That holds such secret conference with her?

LU.

He cannot choose but see it.

ARI.

Unlesse love

Have blinded him, she carries it so plainly.
Well, I shall think if there be knavery in't,
(As knavery there must be) that *Cleopatra*
Is not so subtle as we took her for.

LU.

He must be told it, if he will not see
Upon my life there is some plot of treason.
Which yet may be discover'd.

ARI.

Heer they come.

Let us go fetch *Antonius* if we can.

CLEOPATRA, THYREUS.

CLE.

Pelusium shall be rendred up to *Cesar*
By our command to our Lieutenant there
Seleucus, whose obedience we not doubt.

Dio.
Plutarch.

TNY.

Noblest of Queens, you make Imperiall *Cesar*
As much a debtor to your courtesie
As he's already captive to your beauty.

CLE.

Nor do we wrong *Antonius* at all
In giving up a town which is our own.
It may be thought tis done to weaken him;

Alas,

OF CLEOPATRA.

Alas, *Antonius* is already fall'n
 So low, that nothing can redeem him now
 Nor make him able to contest with *Cesar*.
 He has not only lost his armies strength
 But lost the strength of his own soul, and is not
 That *Antony* he was when first I knew him.
 I can do *Cesar* now no greater service.
 Though I shall never want a heart to do it.
 But we shall quickly see th' event of things;
Antonius now is desperate, and puts
 His hopes upon the fortune of one fally,
 Which will be suddenly perform'd, before
 That thou canst bear a message back to *Cesar*.

ANTONIUS, LUCILIUS, ARISTO-
 CRATES.

AN.

Hands on that *Thyreus* there, to prison with him.

THY.

To prison!

ANT.

Yes; away with him I say.

Plutarch.

THY.

Cesar would not have us'd your messenger
 So ill.

AN.

Thou wert no Messenger to me.

CLE.

For my sake dearest Lord.

AN.

O! for your sake?

I cry you mercy Lady, bear him hence. *Exit Thyreus.*

I had forgot that *Thyreus* was your servant.

But what strange act should he perform for you?

D-5

Is

The Tragedie

Is it to help you to a happier friend?

CLE.

Can you suspect it? was my trueſt love
So ill beſtow'd? Can he, for whoſe dear ſake
A Queen ſo highly born as I prefer'd
Love before fame, and fondly did neglect
All names of honour when falſe *Fulvia*,
And proud *Octavia* had the name of wives, *Plutarch.*
Requite me thus? ungratefull *Anthony*;
For now the fury of a wronged love
Juſtly provokes my ſpeech.

ANT.

Oh *Cleopatra*,
It is not *Thyreus* but this heart of mine
That ſuffers now, deep wounded with the thought
Of thy unconſtancie: did Fortune leave
One only comfort to my wretched ſtate
And that a falſe one? for what conference
Couldſt thou ſo oft, and in ſuch privacie
With *Ceſar's* ſervant hold, if true to me?
Which with the rack I could enforce from him,
But that I ſcorn to do.

CLE.

You do not ſcorn
To wrong with baſe unworthy jealousies
A faithfull heart: but if you think me falſe
Heer ſheath your ſword: make me the ſubject rather
Of manly rage then childiſh jealousie.
It is a nobler crime, and ſurer farre
For you to act, eaſier for me to ſuffer.
For live ſuſpected I nor can nor will.
The lovely *Aſpe*, which I with care have kept
And was intended a preſervative
Gainſt *Ceſar's* crueltie, I now muſt uſe
Againſt *Antonius* baſeneſſe a worſe ſo

Then

of CLEOPATRA.

Then *Cesar* is:farewell, till death approve
That I was true, and you unjust in love.

ANT.

Stay *Cleopatra*, dearest Love, forgive me
Let not so small a winde have power to shake
A love so grown as ours:I did not think
That thou wert false:my heart gave no consent
To what my tongue so rashly uttered.
Nor could I have out-liv'd so sad a thought.
Let *Thyrens* be releast, and sent to *Cesar*.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Now is the time to sally forth, my Lord,
The fo is tir'd with marching, and your horse
Are readie all, and wait the signall only.
The least delay loses the action.

ANT.

I come *Canidius*, dearest Love farewell.
Few houres will tell thee what *Antonius* is.

Exeunt.

CLE.

How timorous is guilt? how are my thoughts
Distracted sadly now? on every side
My dangers grow:for should *Antonius*
Return in safety home, and know what past
'Twixt me and *Thyrens*, I have lost his heart,
And cannot choose but fear him:if he die
I am not confident of *Cesar's* love.
'Twas but a servants tongue I built upon.
'Tis best to make all sure:within there, *Eira*.

EIRA.

Madam!

CLE.

Are all things readie in the tombe?

EIRA.

The Tragedie

EL.

Yes, Madam ; *Carmio's* there and *Mordio*.

CLE.

Then thither will I go, if fate contrive
A future state of happinesse for me,
It is my castle: if my death they doom,
I am possesst already of a tombe. *Exit.*



Actus Quintus.

ANTONIUS , LUCILIUS ,
ARISTOCRATES.

AN.

DEfeated are my troops, my fleet revolted,
The Sees and Lands are lost; and nothing now
Is left *Antonius* but a Roman hand,
A sword and heart to die. You truest servants,
Whose faith and manly constancie upbraids
This wicked age, and shall instruct the next,
Take from a wretched hand this legacie.
Fortune has made my will, and nought but this
Can I bequeath you. Carry it to *Cesar* ;
If he be noble, it contains enough
To make you happier then *Antonius* can.

My

of CLEOPATRA.

My glasse of life and Empire now is run,
And from this hand expects a period.

LU.

My Lord, take fairer hopes.

AN.

Fie, fie, *Lucilius*;

Lose not thy former merits in perswading
A man, whom once thou lov'dst to such a shame
As to preferre a loath'd captivity
Before a noble death.
Thy looks speak grief

Di.

Enter EROS.

Speak *Eros*, wher's the Queen?

ERO.

She's dead my Lord.

Plutarch.

When those unhappy tydings came to her
Of your defeat, she straight shut up her self
Within her tombe, and dy'd.

AN.

Oh *Cleopatra*,

Why have I lingred thus, that thou a woman
Should'st teach so old a souldier how to die?
Fortune, I blame not thee; I have enjoy'd
What thou could'st give, and on the envy'd top
Of thy proud wheel have long unshaken stood.
Whom Kings have serv'd, and Rome her self obey'd;
Whom all the Zones of earths diffused Globe,
That know inhabitants, have known, and fear'd.
Nor is my fall so much degenerate.

My strength no arms but Roman arms subdue, *Plutarch.*
And none, but Monarch of the world succeeds.
Glutted with life and Empire now I go
Free and undaunted to the shades below.
Here *Eros*, take this sword, perform the promise
Which thou hast made, to kill me whensoever

I.

The Tragedie

I should command; make no reply in words.

ER.

I will be true or die. Stand fair; your *Eros*
Will be your Usher to th' *Elizian fields*.

Kils himself.

AN.

What hast thou done unfaithfull faithfull *Eros*

Dio.

Too kindly cruell, falsly vertuous?

Plutarch.

I'll trust no more, to be no more directed

By such examples: but we must be speedie.

The gates ere this time are set ope to *Cesar*.

Fair *Cleopatra*, I am comming now

To dwell with thee, and ever to behold

Thy heavenly figure, where nor time nor death

Shall make divorce of our eternall loves.

Thus, thus I come to thee: unfaithfull sword,

I never knew thee slow in giving death

Till this sad houre, some friendly hand lend aid,

And with another wound release my soule.

Enter MARDIO.

Where is my Lord *Antonius*? Oh sad sight

The Queen enclosed in her tombe desir'd

To take her last leave of you.

AN.

Is she living?

Tis welcome news, convey me quickly, friends, *Plutarch.*

Oh quickly thither, that I may expire

Dio.

That breath that's left in *Cleopatrae's* arms.

Exeunt.

A.

of CLEOPATRA.

AGRIPPA, GALLUS, EPAPHRODITUS,
PROCULIUS, Citizens.

AGR.

Go you, Epaphroditus, and beseege
The Palace, to surprize Antonius;
You Proculeius, and Cornelius Gallus,
Go presently to Cleopatras tombe,
Wo her with all your art and eloquence
With all assurances of Caesar's love
To leave that place, and yield her person to him.
Spare no attempts of force or policy
To draw her thence: for you the Citizens
Of Alexandria, cheer your fainting hearts,
I'll mediate in your behalf to Caesar,
To spare the City.

CI.

Thanks to the most noble
And good Agrippa.

AGR.

Heer he comes himself.

Enter Caesar, Arthus, Titius,
Plancus.

Cæ.

The paleness of your fear declares your guilt.
But that, though nere so great, shall not exceed
Our clemencie, to let you know it was
Your happiness to be subdn'd by us.
Mercy shall rule out just severitie.
First for your founder Alexanders sake, Plutarch:
Next for the love of reverent Arius Dio.
Our Master heer: whose goodnesse far out-weighs
All

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The Tragedie

All your offences and rebellions,

CIT.

Cesar in goodnesse, as in greatnesse, bears
Equalitie with *Jove*.

Enter *ACHOREUS*.

ACHO.

Hail mighty *Cesar*.

Cz.

What's he?

ARI.

Achoreus, *Ostia* Priest,
A good and holy man.

Cz.

We dare believe thee,
And therefore welcom him.

ACHO.

Please it great *Cesar*,
To give *Achoreus* leave to wait on him
Into the ancient Temples of our Gods
To shew th' *Egyptian* rites and mysteries,
And all the Deities that we adore,

Cz.

Most willingly *Achoreus*, I would see
Gods, but not *Oxen*.

Dio.

TI.

He has blank'd the Priest.

Cz.

I fain would see great *Alexander's* herse
The mansion once of so divine a soul
A spirit greater then the world it self,
Whom the world fear'd but could not satisfie.

Snelon.

ACH.

Within the vault of our *Pyramides*

His

of CLEOPATRA.

His bodie yet all whole may *Cesar* see.
And all the bodies of our *Ptolemys*.

Cæ.

I'd see Kings only, not dead carcasses.
But see, *Epaphroditus* is return'd.

Sueton.
Dis.

Enter EPAPHRODITUS, LUCILIUS,
ARISTOCRATES.

Cæ.

Speak man, where is *Antonius*?

EP.

Slain, my Lord.

Cæ.

How? slain? what hand durst do it?

EPA.

His own hand.

Cæ.

That was our fear: cruell *Antonius*.

Too cruell to thy self, to Rome, and me
How white a day have all the people lost?
How great might *Cesar's* happinesse have been
Had but the fates permitted me to lay
These conquering arms aside, and once again
Embrace thee, dear *Antonius*, as a friend
Thou worthy aider of my infant fortunes,
Thou brave revenger of great *Julius* death,
Witnesse these tears, though I were forc'd to warre
(Whilst thou preferring forreigne love before
Cesar's alliance, did'st reject my kindred,
And scorn my love) I still could honour thee.
But since too cruell fate denies to me
So great an happinesse as to expresse
This love to thee alive, let thy dear ghost
Behold my Pietie, and see the hon ours

Plutarch.

Cæ.

The Tragedie

Cesar will do to thy sad funerall.

LU.

Most royall *Cesar*-like dissimulation.

ARI.

I hope how ere 'twill serve our turns *Lucilius*.
Now is the fittest time.

Cæ.

What men are these?

EPAP.

Two of *Antonius* truest servants, *Cesar*,
Who bring a letter from their dying Lord.

Cæ.

Let me peruse it well, it shall be granted.
Your lives and fortunes both are safe, and since
We ever lov'd fidelitie, you shall
If so you like, be welcome to our service,

LU.

'Tis our desire; our lives and fortunes ever
Shall do great *Cesar* true and faithfull service.
As they before did to *Antonius*.

Cæ.

Where did he die?

EPA.

In *Cleopatras* arms
By her with ropes let up into the tombe,
After his deadly wound.

Cæ.

Is she there still?

Enter GALLUS.

Now I shall know; speak *Gallus*, what's the news?

GAL.

We came and call'd at *Cleopatras* tombe,
Who from above made answer, and deny'd

Dio.

Plutarch.

To

To
Wh
An
On
Th
Dy
Bel
She
Spy
Cry
She
By
An
By
He
Wh
But
Till

We
Prot

Know
And
Mixt
More
If
I have
'Tis n
My do
Faine

of CLEOPATRA.

To yield herself, but upon *Cesar's* word.
 When I with best persuasions strove to winne her,
 And held her talk awhile, whilst *Proculeius*
 On tother side the tombe espy'd a place
 That open stood, by which the Queen receiv'd
 Dying *Arionius*, which he scaling enter'd
 Behinde the Queen: but had he not been speedy
 She there had slain herself: a maid of hers
 Spy'd *Proculeius* entring, and aloud
 Cry'd out oh Queen thou art surpriz'd alive.
 She drawing a short poniard was restrain'd
 By *Proculeius*, who both held her hand
 And spake her fair; at last obtain'd so much
 By strong persuasions of your clemencie
 He drew her thence, and got her to the Palace.
 Where now she is, and *Proculeius* stays.
 But her desire is still to speak with you.
 Till when from us she will admit no comfort.

Cz.

We will in person presently go see her.
 Protect me *Pallas* 'gainst false *Venus* charms. *Exeunt.*

CLEOPATRA *in mourning.*

Known mischiefs have their cure; but doubts have
 And better is despair then fruitlesse hope (none,
 Mixt with a killing fear: my thoughts are now
 More black and balefull then this sad attire.
 If *Cesar* come, I do not fear his chiding
 I have a certain Antidote 'gainst that.
 'Tis not his anger, but his love afflicts
 My doubting soul, whether that love will prove
 Fained or true, yet may straight appear.

He's

The Tragedie

He's not so old, nor I so ignorant
But that his actions, gestures, words, and looks
Will make his heart lie open to my view.

Enter Cæsar, and Epaphro-
ditus.

Cæ.

How sweet a sorrow dwells upon that brow!
How would she look in smiling dalliance?
Oh pardon me thou powerfull God of love,
That durst presume to tempt thy Deitie.
Forgive my confidence. I now excuse
Antonius weaknesse, but stay there my heart,
My vertuous *Livia* is more fair then she,

CLE.

Hail mighty Prince; for that high name the Gods. *Dis.*
Who rest me of it, have bestow'd on thee. *Plutarch.*

Cæ.

Rise *Cleopatra*, *Cæsar's* victory
Takes nought from you.

CLE.

Oh let me never rise
Till *Cæsar* grant my suit.

Cæ.

Good Queen stand up,
And freely speak what you desire:

CLE.

I beg
A boon but small, which *Cæsar* nere deni'd
His greatest enemies.

Cæ.

And can you think
I should deny it you? Do but expresse it:

CLE.

of CLEOPATRA.

CLE.

That thou would'st kill me *Cesar*; I have liv'd
These many yeers too long: I should have dy'd *Dia.*
When that great Worthy, that renown'd *Cesar*
Was basely murder'd in Rome's Capitoll,
Surviving him was my unhappinesse.
But I have liv'd to see his sonne inherit *Dia.*
His state and Empire, and controll the world.

Cz.

Be cheery *Cleopatra*, fear no wrong
At *Cesar*'s hands.

CLE.

Death is no wrong at all,
I have deserv'd it, Sir.

Cz.

But can you think
That we, whose clemencie so many men
And stubborn enemies so oft have prov'd,
Should now at last be cruell to a Queen?
But we must chide you, that so long together
Have sided with *Antonius*, and with him
Conspir'd the wrack of Rome.

CLE.

That's soon excus'd.
If 'twere a crime to love *Antonius* *Dia.*
(Which I confesse I did, and his large favours *Plutarch.*
Truly deserv'd it) think it was not mine
But fates own crime, that first allotted me
To his protection: had your share of rule
In Egypt lyen, I had been *Cesars* friend.

Cz.

Besides with men and money you give aid
To *Caius Cassius* in Philippi field
Who murder'd *Cesar* in the Capitoll.

CLE.

The Tragedie

CLE.

Cesar, as false as truth it self is true.

I was accused to *Antonius*

For that before; but in *Cilicia*

I quickly cleer'd those causelesse jealousies,

Witnesse thou glorious starre, which the great soule

Of noble *Julius*, when he left the earth,

Added to heaven, how innocent I am

From any fault in that: but *Cesar* know

Against thy father not the act alone,

But even suspicion shall be purg'd with death.

I can no longer live.

Cz.

What have I done?

I fear my rashnesse has too far betray'd

My thoughts to *Cleopatra*; gentle Queen

Be comforted; expect at *Cesar's* hand

Nothing but love and friendship: do not wrong

My goodnesse with unjust suspicion

All former grievances are quite forgot.

Your port and state shall be maintain'd at full.

Your household servants not diminished.

Epaphroditus, see the Queen attended

As fits her state and honour; and till next

We visit you, rest with a full assurance

Of our best love and friendship.

CLE.

All the payment

That my poor fortunes can return to *Cesar*

Is thanks and service.

Cz.

Epaphroditus.

EPAP.

Cesar.

they rebispe. r.

CLE.

of CLEOPATRA.

CLE.

Yes. whisper on; you cannot over-reach
My jealousies: no signes of love at all, *Exit Caesar.*
No smile, nor amorous glance, I was deceiv'd,
And meerly coosen'd by base *Thyreus*,
But I must hide my fears, and cleer this brow
The better to effect my purposes.

EPA.

How fares your Majesty?

CLE.

Never so well
As now I am, I did not think great *Caesar*
Had been so full of love and courtesie.

EPA.

Oh Madam, *Caesar's* th' unexampled mirrour
Of royaltie, and does as far exceed
All petie Kings in goodnesse as in power.
And if my humblest services in ought
May give content to royall *Cleopatra*
I shall be proud to be commanded still.

CLE.

Thanks good *Epaphroditus*.
That love is true that's shew'd in misery.
But what have I forgot? I had a note
Of some particulars I meant to give
To *Caesar's* hand and quite forgot it here.
Nor would I trust the cariage of a thing
Of so great consequence to every hand.

EPA.

Will you command my service?

CLE.

I shall rest
Indebted to your love; *Caesar* will thank you:
It much concerns both his estate and mine.

Dio.
Bc

The Tragedie

Be speedy good *Epaphroditus*, for
I long to heare his answer.

EPA.

Fear not Madam.

A quick performance, it rejoyces me
To see her look so cheerily again.

Exit Epa.

CLE.

So now my trouble is remov'd, I come,
I come my dearest Lord *Antonius*,
Never till now thy true and faithfull love.
My much abused Lord, do not disdain
Or blush t'acknowledge *Cleopatra's* name
When tears and bloud have wash'd her spotted soul.
Wert thou alive again, not all the world
Should shake my constancie, or make divorce
Twixt thee and mee: but since too late, alas,
My tears of sorrow come, I'll follow thee,
And beg thy pardon in the other world.
All crimes are there for evermore forgot.
There *Ariadne* pardons *Theseus* falshood.
Dido forgives the perjur'd Prince of Troy,
And *Troilus* repentant *Cressida*.
Though false to thee alive, I now am come
A faithfull lover of thy dust and tombe.

Exit.

Enter AGRIPPA, GALLUS, and
two Psyls.

GAL.

Marcus Agrippa, I have here provided
As *Caesar* gave in charge two Libyan Psyls.
All Afrik yields not fitter for his purpose.

AGRI.

They look like likely ones.

GAL.

of CLEOPATRA

GAL.

They have been prov'd,
And have already on my souldiers,
When they were bit by Serpents, done strange cures;
Past all belief or hope, recall'd fled life
Back to his mansion, and beyond the power
Of *Aesculapius* have suck'd and charm'd
The mortall venome from their dying limbs.
These two, *Agrippa* in their infancy
Their doubting fires to try their lawfull births *Plinius.*
(As Eagles try their Eaglets 'gainst the Sun) *Solinus.*
Expos'd to mortall Serpents, and were so *Lucanus.*
Confirm'd in what they sought, the trembling Snakes
Durst not assault the Infants.

Enter Cæsar.

AG.

Here he comes.

Cæ.

Are those the men?

GAL.

Yes, Caesar.

Cæ.

Carry them

To *Cleopatra's* Palace; let them wait

Nearer to *Epephraditus*. What's the news?

How fares the Queen?

EPA.

Never more cheery Sir.

Her looks expresse her hopes; nor in her words

Can she conceal her inward cheerfulnesse.

But one thing, Sir, she sai'd she had forgot,

Which neerly did concern both you and her;

And that in such a cause she durst not trust

A common messenger, requesting me

To give it to your hands.

E

Cæ.

The Tragedie

Ca.

She has deceiv'd thee,
And all of us; the worst that I could fear
Is come to passe: oh run *Epaphroditus*,
I'll follow thee with all the speed I can.
But all too late, I fear, our speed will come. *Exeunt.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA crown'd, attended by GLAUCUS,
MARDIO, EIRA, CHARMIO, she takes her
state: ANTHONY'S Horse brought in.*

CLE.

This is my second Coronation day;
But nobler then the first, and fuller farre
Of reall honour, and magnificence.
Nor till this pompous houre was *Cleopatra*
A perfect Queen, alas, I did not sway
A Scepter over fortune, or command
As now I do, the destinies themselves.
I wore a painted honour, a meer shadow
Of Royall state, and such a feeble Crown
As warre could threaten, treason undermine,
And every puffe of Fortune blow it off.
My state is constant now, my thoughts above
The fear of dangers or opposing foes.

MAR.

What new addition has she got off state?

GLA.

I cannot tell, nor can I guesse her meaning.

CLE.

Glaucus and Mardio, leave the room a while.

Exeunt Glaucus and Mardio.

Come hitther Girles, I will no longer hide
My joys from you; in such attire as this
I go to meet my dear *Antony*.

CHAR.

of CLEOPATRA

CHAR.

Madam, he's dead.

CLE.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd.
He lives my *Charmio* in the other world,
And stays for me; I have been too too slack
In coming to him: this that here lies dead
Was but the house that lodg'd my dearest Lord,
That earthly Mansion, that did once contain
The kindest, noblest, and the truest soule
That ever liv'd; and this our second meeting
Is farre more sweet, and full of noble love
Then when we first met in Cilicia,
When our magnificence and pomp did fill
The world with wonder and astonishment.
Why weep you girles? is it to see your Mistris
Greater then ere in Glory? if you lov'd me,
You'd weep to see great *Cleopatra* led
A wretched captive through the streets of Rome
Before proud *Cæsar's* chariot, mock'd and flowted,
And from a Queen become *Octavia's* drudge.
No, no, my girles, I will be still my self
And from this seat of state look down in scorn
On Rome, and *Cæsar's* threats as things below me.

EI.

Nor heer shall my attendance leave you, Madam,
I'll wait upon you to th' *Elisian* shades.

CHAR.

Nor will poor *Charmio* be left behinde.

CLE.

My earthly race is run, and I descend
As great a ghost as *Tieban Semele*,
When her ambitious love had sought and met
The Thunderers embraces, when no Pile
Of earthly wood, but *Jove's* celestiaall fire
Consum'd her beauties reliques, and sent down

E 2

H

The Tragedie

Her soul from that Majestick funerall.
Farewell thou fading remnant of my Love.
When I am gone, I'll leave these earthly parts
To keep thee company: never to part,
But dwell together, and dissolve together.
Come Aspe, possesse thy mansion; freely feed
On these two hills, upon whose snowy tops
The winged Cupid oft has taken stand,
And shot from thence the proudest hearts on earth.
Corruption now, and rottenness must seize
This once admired fabrick, and dissolve
This flesh to common elements again;
When skilfull nature, were she strictly bound
To search through all her store-house would be pos'd
To tell which piece was *Cleopatra* once.
Sweet Aspe, I feel thy touch, and life begins
From these cold limbs to take her gentle flight.
A slumber seizes me; farewell my girls.
Thus let the Romans finde me dead, and know
Maugre the power of Rome, and *Cesar's* spleen
That *Cleopatra* liv'd, and di'd a Queen.

CHAR.

She's dead, and *Eira* too. I heare a noise.
There is no dallying now; I must bespeedy,
And use the common and sure way to death.

She slabs her self.

Enter

of CLEOPATRA.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, TITUS, PLANCUS,
GALLUS, EPAPHRODITUS,
PROCULEIUS.

CÆ.

We come too late, and all in vain I fear
Our care has been.

EPA.

Here lies her servant bleeding,
Not dead: speak *Charmio*, how dy'd the Queen?

CHAR.

A death that well becom'd her royall birth.

AGR.

See *Cæsar*, see; the mark upon her brest,
And here the fatall authour.

CÆ.

'Twas the Aspe.

Be speedie now, and use your utmost power
You skilfull *Physic*, call back this royall soul
To her fair seat, and take from *Cæsar's* bounty
Above your wish: suck thou the wounded place,
And mutter thou thy strongest charms to fright
Pale death from thence; and you infernall Gods,
If ere to humane prayers you could lend
An exorable care, 'tis *Cæsar* begs,
Cæsar, whose sword has sent to your black shades
A hundred thousand souls, and still has power
T'enlarge your Empire, begs in lieu of all
But restitution of one soul alone.

Sueton.

Diq.

TI.

How royally she dy'd?

PLA.

No conquer'd Prince.

Did ever finde a nobler way to death.

Had

The Tragedie

Had feeble *Persus* known so brave a course,
He had redeem'd his captive life from shame.
And not depriv'd the Conquerour of fame.

Cæ.

Is there no hope?

PSY.

She's gone past all recoverie.

Cæ.

We will no longer strive 'gainst destiny.

Though thou art dead, yet live renown'd for ever;

And let this action speak thee to the world

A so not shaming *Cæsar's* victory.

No other Crown or Scepter after thine

Shall *Ægypt* honour: thou shalt be the last

Of all the reigning race of *Ptolomey*:

And all, and more then what thy letter crav'd

Will *Cæsar* grant with dead *Antonina*

In richer state then ere proud *Memphis* saw

Her Kings inter'd shall *Cleopatra* lye.

Thy dying figure carv'd in fairest stone

Shall my triumphant chariot wear, for all

To gaze and wonder at thy form and worth.

Ægypt no more a Kingdome, now a Province

Cornelius Gallus, is thy government.

And here let *Cæsar* sheath the civill sword,

Whose fatall edge these twenty years has ripp'd

The bleeding entrails of afflicted Rome.

Heer let our labours end: advance brave friends

Our prosperous Eagles home to Italy,

To reap the fruit of all our wars and toils,

And fill great Rome with conquer'd *Ægypt's* spoils.

Sueton.

Dio.

Plutarch.

FINIS.



The Speakers.

Antoniani, Egyptii, Caesari.

Marcus Antonius, Cleopatra, Caesar Augustus.

Marcus Titius. Eira Marcus Agrippa

Munatius Plancus. Charmio. Cornelius Gallus.

C. Canidius Crassus. Achoreus. Pinnarius Sear-
(pm.)

Caius Sossius. Enphronem.

Titius Domitius. Selencus. Procleius.

Lucilius. Glancus. Thyrenus.

Aristocrates. Mardio. Epaphroditus.

The Scene Æ G Y P T.